









## INN HAS HISTORIC INTEREST

History on Long Island Sound a Place of Entertainment for Hundreds of Years.

One of the oldest and most distinguished inns in the United States is the Chase Place Inn, between Stillpoint and Peconic bay, on Long Island Sound. The inn, which is a fine, old, rambling, red-brick structure was signed by Queen Anne, but the inn was during a thriving business years previous to this. An interesting figure is the venerable figurehead of the frigate Ohio, which, after an honorable service, was displaced by the ironclad and finally broken up in the waters which was the core. One of the most massive of existing figureheads, it was carved in Greece and presented, with much ceremony, to this government. It shows Hercules in impressive pose and was venerated by the Greek deities to possess magic gifts. One of the most valuable sets of registers to be found in this country is to be examined in Chase Place Inn. Its famous registers begin in 1633 with the advent of the Dutch, and include famous colonial governors, Manhattan, Dutch, Swedish and English, for two hundred years. The inn fell into the hands of the British authorities during the Revolutionary war and provided for the officers under Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton—as close an approach to a club as existed in those days in this part of the world.

## WORK THAT IS IMMORTAL

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Long Acknowledged as a Masterpiece.

The "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was written by Edward Gibbon (1734-1794). It is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest masterpieces of classical literature. The first volume was published in 1776, and had an immediate success. The second and third volumes appeared in 1781, and the final publication of the entire work in six volumes in 1789. The author's uncomprehending hostility to Christianity, however, gave great offense to many readers, and was occasion of several attacks by English divines. Allison, the historian, declared the "Decline and Fall" to be the greatest historical work in existence. Gibbon's profit from the sale of his work was \$2,000 (\$30,000 normal exchange), that of his publisher, \$20,000 (\$300,000).

The author says: "It was at Rome, on the fifteenth day of October, 1764, as I sat amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city started to my mind."

## YOUNGSTER HAD IT SIZED UP

Probably His Frank Announcement of Situation Was Something More Than a Guess.

A young teacher of the fourth grade in one of the township schools near Indianapolis marked her pupils' papers at her home, and occasionally had the assistance of some of her friends who came in to spend the evening. One evening the grades were exceptionally low on the papers and the next day at school, the young teacher told her pupils that one of her friends had helped her mark the papers and that she was really ashamed of the poor marks, and she wished them to do better next time.

The next day the marks were considerably higher, so she told the children how glad she was to see the improvement and that she was proud to have her friends see how bright the pupils were.

After making this announcement, she blushed to hear of the boys' conversation in a loud whisper, "That I was over again last night"—Indianapolis News.

## That Pesky Mosquito.

Imagination often works as an ally of mosquitoes in causing sleeplessness in summer. When the weary sleeper has tossed about the bed and exhausted himself sleeping at the winged tormenter he pulls the sheet over his head and tries again for slumber. The pest may have fled, but in a moment the buzzing sound is heard again.

Half unconscious in sleep the victim feels his head waiting for the mosquito to alight. The buzzing seems far off, but slowly gets nearer and nearer. Now fully awake he feels his arm from the entangling sheet and gropes to strike. Still the buzzing seems at a distance. He lies awake, every nerve tense, determined to make an end of his foe when it gets near enough.

Still the buzzing goes on. The victim sits up in bed to locate the source. Then all of a sudden the clang of a bell proves that he has been listening to the hum of a street car. He turns over and waits for the real mosquito's return.

## Hostile Remarkable Bird.

Strange and weird as the adult birds may be it is the young birds that really amaze us. For both thumb and forefinger are armed with sharp recurved claws, better developed than in any other known bird, and what is important, they are entirely functional. William Beebe, director of the Tropical Research station in Bermuda, has done more than any other scientist to reveal the secrets of the hostiles. He has found that these claws to hunt insects about which he is hatched, and also to help in climbing about among the mangroves. Mr. Beebe has also described the strange ability of the naked fledgling to swim under water.

## Football With a Golden Text.

Little Earl, aged three, lived near a much excited last fall over the football game. One day he inherited a football that had been given him by his father. He was very proud of it and he had seen the center do. Then he knew that the players should not come playing before the ball was put into play, but he had no idea what it was. All he could think of was his Sunday school text: so he called out, "Be ye kind to one another—go!" and gave the ball a vigorous punch—Yonkers Companion.

## Always in Good Humor.

Blanche—Billie called on me last evening and I sang a couple of songs for him.

Clara—How did you happen to hit him that way to discourage his call?—New York Sun.

## Bruce Balcome's Rival

By ANNE RICHARDS  
© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

It was an attractive room, this nest in the big apartment building which was home to her. She knew that she loved it, feeling the affectionate look with which she gave it greeting. Throwing her hat and coat over the back of the chair, she accepted the invitation of the brightly-colored gray velvet chair and opened the letter which she had picked up on entering.

"My Dear Miss Denlow—A friend of mine, a writer, is to be in Cleveland this week, and I have given him a letter of introduction to you, knowing that you will furnish him the best there is in the stenographic line, and also that the acquaintance will be mutually agreeable. Bruce Balcome is a most interesting companion, a man I know you will like.

"Trusting that success is still with you, I am, yours very cordially,

"RUSSELL WEBSTER."

"Russell Webster does not know that business belongs on Commerce street, and has no place in this sky tower of mine," and, laying the letter on the table, she commenced the preparation for her evening meal, a dish which she enjoyed as thoroughly as any housekeeper with all the appointments of housekeeping.

Eleanor had left home some years before resolved to build up a business as public stenographer, and success had rewarded her efforts. She now had a business that kept mind and hands well occupied. For several years she had lived in a boarding house. Never safe from intrusion, even when the supposedly sacred precincts of her own room, her dream had been of a cosy apartment where no one could intrude.

Then, too, she longed for the dainty furnishings which are not found in a boarding house. For Miss Eleanor loved two things, artistic surroundings and the night when she could be alone during the day and when night came found her own companionship the most congenial.

Three months previous to this time her plans had taken material form, and the novelty had not yet worn off, the pretty apartment which she entered with a gasp.

A Task She Enjoyed.

tered each night with a sense of almost childish delight. The tiny kitchen was a playhouse, the gas range a toy stove that would do real cooking, and the mistress of it all was as proud of her skill in preparing tempting meals as in the work of her downtown world. A gate-like table with snowy cloth and blue china, a low bowl of pink roses in the center, relieved the brown rolls and butter, juicy steaks, potatoes and apple jelly, borne in on a tray from the kitchen.

The forenoon was passing, typewriters clicked and Eleanor was busy at her desk when the door opened quietly to admit a young man of dignified bearing.

"Miss Denlow?"

"Yes."

"There was on her dignity in business hours."

"I have a letter of introduction from Mr. Russell Webster."

So little thought did Eleanor give to business during home hours, she had forgotten the letter of last evening. She read the note, asking, "Can I be of service to you?"

"I would like to dictate a few letters and wish to make an appointment for each forenoon. May I have a private room?"

"Certainly, Miss Folsom." She spoke to an assistant. "Mr. Balcome would like to dictate."

There was a trace of disappointment on the countenance of Mr. Bruce Balcome as he followed Miss Folsom. For several days Miss Folsom was assigned to him. This did not suit him in the least, for he had been told that the young lady Eleanor Denlow was a congenial companion, and he had looked forward to meeting her. He had been attracted at once and congratulated himself that he had brought a letter of introduction, so that the acquaintance might progress rapidly. But it did not progress rapidly. It did not progress at all. The acquaintance had commenced with a bow and a few words, and a bow without the few words was all he was getting now. This would not do. He was a young man of determination, and the dignified aloofness of Miss Eleanor seemed only to make him more desirous of knowing the young lady inside that business shell.

The next morning he opened the door and walked directly across to Miss Denlow, greeting her with a smiling "Good morning. I hope you are disposed to grant a favor today. I wish to get out an unusual amount of work before tomorrow. Would it be possible for me to engage your services this evening? I can always do better work when the noise of the day is stifled." With a calm exterior he awaited her reply. Eleanor heard the request with surprise and looked at him closely, trying to see if there was anything more than business in this suggestion.

"I am not in the habit of extending my office hours into the evening."

The answer was neither what he hoped for nor what he feared. Eleanor never knew how it was that she consented to return to the office that evening. Neither did she know how it had come to be a regular thing for her to dine with Mr. Balcome twice a week, returning to the office for an evening's work on his behalf.

The thing was not all spent in dictation. Many interesting points came up to be discussed. Of course, when she stayed late Mr. Balcome could not stay late, for he stopped work earlier than usual. Eleanor did not know that he had so planned it. When they reached the apartment, Mr. Balcome said:

"It is too late to go to bed."

and too early to go home. I think you will have to be kind, and invite me to come in, Miss Denlow."

She could not refuse, so for the first time the gray and rose nest was invaded by a man. That night Eleanor sat long in the gay cushioned chair, thinking back over the days to that first time when Bruce Balcome had walked into her office and into her life. She could not remember when she had commenced to think of him as other than one of the many customers who went in and out of her office. How had she let him get so close to her? A few nights later she found a box of roses at her door. Burying her face in their sweet-smelling petals, she noted:

"My Dear Miss Denlow—I am going home tomorrow."

She read no further. "Going home—going home—without a word." She clenched the note tightly in her hand. "Then he does not care. And I thought—I thought—" She dropped her head on the table, her feelings too deep for tears. Was it true? Had she read it right? Slowly she raised her head, dreading, yet longing, to see the woman again. Her fingers loosened on the note. Yes, but there was more. Perhaps he explained. She glanced along the lines:

"Your assistance has meant much to me, and I shall miss our evenings together. My hope is that you, too, will miss them, and that your evenings will be so lonely you will be ready to give me a warmer welcome when I return than you did at our first meeting. I look forward to spending next Saturday evening with you, and I shall not come to dictation, but, if your smile of welcome invites, to ask for something. Yours always, BRUCE BALCOME."

"Yours." He had underlined it. Had their companionship meant as much to him as it had to her? She would know soon, but how could she wait? It was a waiting time filled with glowing hopes. She walked home at night as in a dream, cooked her dinner in a dream, and as she sat down to it pictured a blue-eyed companion opposite.

Saturday came at last, and even the room itself seemed to wear an air of expectancy. The pink roses which she showed their blushes against the soft gray of the vase must have been responsible for the rose flush on the face of the room's occupant, a flush which deepened as steps sounded outside and the door opened.

She could not move to meet him. Another knock, then a voice. "Eleanor," and, as she drew the door back, the dream figure that had been haunting her room vanished. Bruce Balcome stood before her, a question in his eyes.

"Eleanor, I hope you have been lonely this past week, as horribly lonely as I have been."

Her eyes spoke for her as they looked into his, and he drew her to him closely.

"Dearest, do you know what a frigid cold greeting you gave me when I first met you. As a punishment, I am going to compel you to a lifetime of greetings of this kind," and he lifted her face to his in a greeting such as only lovers know.

Two months later Eleanor stood in the rose and gray nest alone, for the last time.

"Goodbye, little nest. I loved you, but you have a rival. I have stolen me away from you. I am sorry to leave you, but, oh, so glad to go with him, anywhere."

The "Doctor" Wine.

How many have heard of the famous Moselle wine for invalids, called the "doctor" wine? It got its name about six hundred years ago from Boemund, archbishop of Treves, who was ill of fever and given up by the doctors. Then into his castle one day marched a sturdy farmer with a little cask of wine on his shoulder from his three-cornered vineyard at Berncastel. "Whoso drinks of this wine must straightway be well of fever," he announced, and the sick man begged for a drink of it, liked it, took more and got well. "It will never be without that best doctor in mine old age," said the thankful archbishop and left order that 20 casks of that useful wine should go into his cellar every year afterward, for sick purposes.

New River.

Abbe Mermet, a famous water explorer, has explored the hidden river in the Mont Blanc region a great subterranean river, with a volume of about 50,000 gallons per minute. It runs from the base of the mountains under the Salets and Jura Alps. This under the Salets has been named "Eaux-Beltes." Sends out many branches, which have formed little lakes and wells of pure and extremely cold water in the northern departments of France and in some southern Swiss cantons.

Abbe Mermet declares that the waters of the "Eaux-Beltes," at a depth of 75 to 150 feet, have carved out of the mountain wonderful caverns and grottoes, full of stalactites and stalagmites. Some of the caverns near Geneva are 60 feet high and 150 feet broad.

What's the Use?

The business on a suburban line had increased very rapidly, but there were not enough trains or cars to accommodate the passengers. The overcrowding caused many serious discomforts. The superintendent was called before the board of directors and was asked:

"Why don't you immediately put on more trains and cars?"

"Well," he replied, "what would be the use? They are settling so fast along the line that the people would fill them up and overcrowd them just as before."

Brisk Demand for Copper.

A hardware company consumes about \$500,000 worth of copper annually. There are pins, bolts, hinges, screws, plates, discs, nails, tubings, wires and castings of all kinds. In a hardware store the choice ranges the way from a brass pin to a 100-pound copper pot—from a brass nail to a samovar. Even the cuspidor and the brass rail of the ex-alcove are represented.

Pat as a Linguist.

Pat and Nora were sitting in the theater before the performance began, when the girl observed the word "Alas" on the fire curtain and inquired what it meant.

"Whist!" said Pat, "and don't be displayin' yer ignorance. Don't ye know that 'Alas' is the Latin word for 'Wallop'?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

## LIGHT ON PREHISTORIC RACE

Scientist Explains How He Expects to Determine Age of Ancient Central American Cities.

Prehistoric ruins in America will soon be accurately dated. This was the opinion expressed in an address on "The Chronological Ysidrick of Ancient America," by Sylvanus G. Morley of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, before the twentieth international congress of Americanists.

Doctor Morley's "yardstick" is the marvelous Mayan calendar, by which the ages of the ancient cities of Guatemala and Yucatan will eventually be determined more accurately than the ages of the cities of ancient Egypt.

There was a desolating trading in Mayan pottery carried on with the peoples in Mexico, Peru and the southwestern United States. This pottery found among these other peoples and its Mayan date determined by comparison with similar pottery in Central America may lead to an approximately accurate date being set upon the cliff dwellings of the United States and ruins in Peru and Mexico, Doctor Morley thinks.

He also told of his researches into the great walled city of Tulum, in Yucatan. The walling of a city was exceptional in Central America and this fortified town on a bluff overlooking the Caribbean sea, with a wall on three land sides, represents the crude work which followed the breakdown of the great Mayan civilization in the fifteenth century after Christ.

These early city-states fell to fighting their own race. By Science Service.

MUD PACKS FREE ON BEACH

"Cure" That Costs Nothing Is One of the Attractions at Famous Coney Island.

Mud packs, which cost \$2 apiece at beauty parlors, and which enjoy considerable fame as wrinkle eradicators and skin beautifiers among the fair sex, may be had for nothing at Coney Island, writes a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The mud for the mud packs was obtained from the beach, when 800 bathers appeared in mud masks, their faces coated with black sticky clay.

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Long Ranger Exercises Memory.

Alone as a forest ranger in a remote section of the Cascade mountains, in the state of Washington, George Kilgore, a former University of Washington student, has memorized practically all of the New Testament and three books of poems. In addition to the mental exercise he has completed an entire dining room set of buffet, ten table, dining table, six chairs and a fern pedestal from hand split and hewn fir and cedar wood. The furniture polished in its natural color is worth more than his year's salary. In three winter months Kilgore trapped near his cabin more than \$500 worth of pelts.

Accent on Scenery.

All agreed that she was an exceedingly pretty girl. Her dresses were the latest mode. Men were irresistibly attracted to her. The only drawback was her deafness, a serious handicap. One admirer after another called, perhaps attended her to some social affair, but in the end they all fell away. The news that she was engaged to be married naturally impressed her friends. Two old admirers were passing up to her a deaf girl like her, said one.

"Fanny! I'll say so," said the other. "It must have been a scream."—New York Times.

Wrong Impression.

"No, I never hurt for ideas," the eminent author assured her. "When I feel in the mood for a dissertation on the summit of a hill, and there, with the scent of the mountain pine in my nostrils, I find my inspiration."

"Just fancy!" gushed the girl. "And then you descend and write it all down, I suppose?"

"Indeed I don't. That would be a sure way of losing it. I carry my little typewriter with me."

"Oh, how good of you! But does she—does she never turn giddy or anything?"

And It Always Has Been.

"Talk will be cheap," remarked the man on the car, "just as long as the supply is greater than the demand."—Newark Star Eagle.

Satisfying Explanation.

The main reason why our chauffeur outdresses us is that he doesn't have to own an automobile.—Galveston News.

## Christmas Shoppers!

## JEWELRY

## THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT.

We invite you to come in early, that you may see our beautiful lines of Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silverware, etc., while the assortment is at its best.

HILL'S JEWELRY STORE will lay aside any goods that you may purchase now for Christmas.

Wonderful new Wrist Watches just received.

## "HILL'S JEWELRY STORE"

R. L. HUTCHINS, Prop. Watchmaker and Jeweler. Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Etc. Fine watch and jewelry repairing a specialty. Grand Trunk Watch Inspector. Time by wireless from Washington, D. C. Phone 120-2. NORWAY, ME.

PROFIT SHARING

# CLEARANCE SALE

OF

## READY-TO-WEAR

AT

### "OUR STORE"

As is our custom at these sales we shall place every Coat and Dress in the Store at a sweeping reduction of from 20 to 40 per cent.

# Some Go In at 1-2 Price

These garments are all new and in the latest style, in fact you know there are no old goods of any kind in this store.

You have given us your patronage generously and when we closed our books at the end of our first six months we found a very gratifying profit.

## We Are Going to Share This Profit With You

And it seems to us that the most acceptable way from your point of view is to give you an opportunity to buy anything you wish from our large stock of ready-to-wear at manufacturers' prices or in many cases less, right at the beginning of winter.

## So Down They Go With a Smash

### 88 Garments to Choose From

## WOMEN'S, MISSES', CHILDREN'S

### A Big Assortment of All Three

## DRESSES OF POIRET TWILL, CANTON CREPE, JERSEY AND OTHER MATERIALS. COATS WITH AND WITHOUT FUR COLLARS AND COATS OF ALL FUR.

Owing to the prices at which these garments will be sold and in fairness to all the people who will flock to this event none may be taken from the store unless sold and all sales must be considered final.

Sale now going on and will continue for several days or until all are sold.

Store Open Monday and Saturday Evenings

# THE ROGER DAVIS CO.

## MARKET SQUARE, SOUTH PARIS.

TELEPHONE 270

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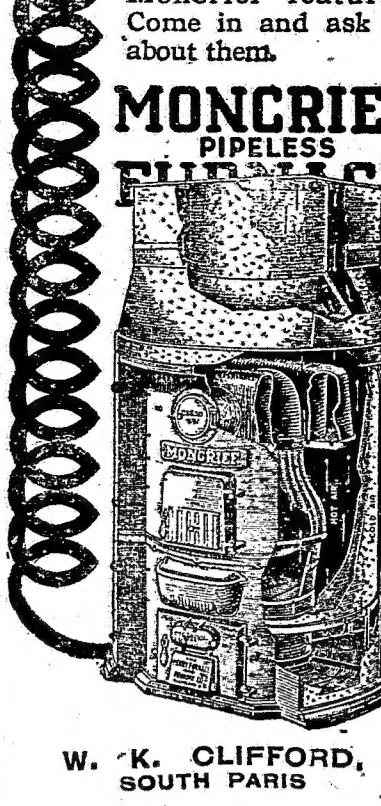
## No Cold Floors

THE big outer casing of the Moncrief takes all cold air promptly from your floors. The extra size casings are a special feature of the Moncrief. Its generous current of warm air heats every far corner.

There are ten distinct Moncrief features. Come in and ask us about them.

# MONCRIEF

## PIPELESS CASE



W. K. CLIFFORD, SOUTH PARIS.

STATE OF MAINE.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two, the following matters having been presented for the section of the probate court, to-wit:

Herbert J. Libby late of Woodstock, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Mary P. Libby as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will presented by said Mary P. Libby, the executrix therein named.

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